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## The Life of a Serial Killer















## **Chapter 1 by Story Wars**

I opened the door opened silently without a sound. Little Timmy lay in his bed facing the wall. Good. That would make it easier. I put on some gloves then pulled a rope out of my belt and made it into a noose. I tied it to his ceiling fan. Then I put the noose around his neck and pushed Timmy out of his bed.

"Sweet dreams, Timmy." I smiled. Timmy tried to say something, but it just choked him faster. It was about another minute before Timmy was fully dead. I pulled his body out of the rope and put it in a body bag. I put the rope back in my belt for later use, then silently moved Timmy's body bag to the car. I crept back into the house.

It was time for his parents to die.

## Chapter 2 by Des Pieds



In the dark, I silently climb the stairs. I smile, I have my favorite knife with me. I'm standing at the parents' closed door. I try to open it as quietly as possible. The door creaks. Damn it! Why is everything so loud?! This seemingly minor annovance, angers me. Still holding the door slightly

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Chapter 4 by F	
It was John who was next to see red liquid and a knife in his left side.	
"I call apond zeus himself to smit you where you are" said someone	
"Who are you" John said	
The mystery man turnd on the lights in the room.	
"John is that you, do you remember me. I whent to the same school as you"  "Dr. Oct is that you, sorry for killing your wife"	
Dr. Oct is that you, sorry for kinning your wire	
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